

CHRYSLIS

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WE MADE IT . . . !

After looking through the pages of this issue, few of you would guess that last year *Chrysalis* was almost defunct.

Almost — but not quite.

Several years ago the English Department of Madison College managed to persuade the administration that a student literary magazine would prove a great asset to the institution, and *Chrysalis* came into being, sponsored and supported by the English Department through an annual allotment designated specifically for its purpose.

Then, last year . . . disaster!

In the interests of economy, the English Department lost its special allocation and the administration ruled that no college funds were to be spent in support of *Chrysalis*; thus, even though they had agreed to do so, the several departments of the Division of Humanities were not allowed to redirect any of their funds to help underwrite and save *Chrysalis*.

Student activities funds had already been allotted and dispensed.

Things looked bad.

Not to be denied, the Criterion Club swung into action and launched a moderately successful subscription drive. But publication costs far exceeded our expectations and although we managed to put out a winter issue, it looked as if our spring issue and our annual literary contest would have to be abandoned.

But not so!

While money was in short supply, time, energy, and a burning desire to keep *Chrysalis* alive were abundant. Through the auspices of the English Department, stencils, ink and paper were "loaned" to us and the use of duplicating machines was available. And the generosity of several faculty members kept our contest afloat.

And so it was, after typing, silk-screening, cranking and stapling, that our spring issue won accolades for content (but not format) at the Hollins College summer workshop, and received nothing other than looks of surprise and utter disbelief when those at the workshop learned that we were receiving no financial support from our parent institution.

We believe that Madison College has as fine a group of young poets and writers as will be found on any campus in this nation.

Apparently SCA does, too. That is why they have so generously funded us for the current year and given assurances that *Chrysalis* will never lack financial support.

Because we are now drawing from the student activities fund rather than from some special allotment, we felt it only just to expand the purview of our publication to all areas of creative endeavor.

In this issue you will find some fine photography as well as poetry and fiction. In future issues we hope to present plates of student paintings (both black and white and color), drawings, photos of student sculpture and ceramics, and perhaps even musical composition or two.

It's been a hard struggle, but worth it. And all we can say now is . . . we made it.

239424

—The Editors

CONTENTS

In Memoriam	Sean M. Ryan	1
In the Underbrush	A. Newton Likins	2
To Eileen, in Mourning	Suzanne Underwood	2
The Vinegar Man	Garland Dennett	3
Untitled	Sharon Everson	7
6. A.M.	Elizabeth Doss	7
The Flood	Karol Bowman	8
Photograph	Chris Vuxton	9
"J.B."	Sharron A. Hughes	10
Wet Worm	Candee Bechtel	10
Photograph	Frank Marshman	11
The Dead and the Dying	Deborah Fairfield	12
A La Carte	Lorraine Lucey	13
On Finding a Castle in West Virginia	A. Newton Likins	14
Tears of Ten Years	Prophet Laureate	14
Sweet Dreams	Sara Arason	15
Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Prussian Nobleman"		
	Diane Ivone	18
Writing Obituaries	A. Newton Likins	18
Photograph	Frank Marshman	19
Sonnet of Sustenance	Suzanne Underwood	20
Chocolate, Peanutbutter and Mud	Candee Bechtel	20
Untitled	Jan Barrett	21
Miracle	Elizabeth Doss	21
Pale Days	Diane Ivone	22
Photograph	Chris Vuxton	23
Die Grosseeltern	Candee Bechtel	24
Variations on a Recurring Motif	Bunni Garber	25
Rice Krispies	Deborah Fairfield	25
John the Baptist	Diane Ivone	26
Scapegoat	Dan Layman	27
Photograph	Frank Marshman	34
Atlantic II	Suzanne Underwood	35
dreaming	Elizabeth Doss	35
Chrysalis Staff		Back cover

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IN MEMORIAM

To sit here
 and play with my memories.
Bringing back laughing color pictures
 of You.
To light whatever went out.
Or just bringing back,
 the soft quiet,
Grey days of mist
 that we shared together.
Our love was that;
 the silence with each other.
But now it's lost,
 pulled apart.
Yet, one day

—Sean M. Ryan

IN THE UNDERBRUSH

Jungles were tangled
Long before man searched them,
Although men blame each other.
No, jungles were jungles in
Jumbled pyramids of green eons
Long before our minds entwined
The finer parts we notice.
One can blame nature for the trouble.

Yes, one can blame nature for the trouble;
But among the dark shadows of growth
And our minds, we perceive that the
Terror of war drums came after man.

—A. Newton Likins

TO EILEEN, IN MOURNING

Morning sits, unstirred, unsipped.
With patch of stagnant sunshine on your face,
You lie lingering, hot sighs leaving
Your lips in steamy apologies
For this day's unscraped, yolk-glazed plates,
For tears that stain the cups of your eyes—
Dark, light-leaking eyes
With no noon in sight.
Yellow hangs heavy. Thoughts melt, butter-like.
Duty dies
Twelve arrives
In a sudden bright. Your face, cleared and set
With Sun's best china-light.

—Suzanne Underwood

THE VINEGAR MAN

(Inspired by the poem "The Vinegar Man" by Ruth Comfort Mitchell)

It was only a memory that reminded me of those days of youth when morning air always smelled of something special, that special spring aroma, a long tantalizing finger stretching out from the breakfast frying pan and tip-toeing up the staircase, around the corner and down the hall to my room, under the door and up to the bed to my somewhat sleeping nose; a smell, mother-made then, that with an invisible finger would gently pry open one eyelid and then the other; a nearly cartoon smell that was really there and a guy could almost reach out and touch it. Not quite awake, but very aware of a difference in that particular morning, I would lie there, trying to capture that fleeting impression of difference, of freedom. June the second, Monday. And then it would come in one rush of realization and mixed with 7:30 smells—my body, then the thirteen springtimes of experience, would suddenly come alive.

Out of bed, to the closet. In with one leg and then the other, my big toe catching in the inside cuff of my well-worn levis.

Pulling on a tee shirt as I went, I would cat-paw down the stairs, missing the fifth from the bottom so its creak wouldn't betray my rooster's crow arising. One eye would peek around the corner, silently capturing all the sights and smells and noises that meant the summer's first pancakes on a day with no school. I would scare her, I was sure, and I lifted my foot to take the last step.

"Up pretty early, aren't you?" said my mother's back to me as her hands poured more batter into the skillet, and my foot came down not quite so softly. That was Mother in those days, though then I called her Mom, with

eyes that could see around corners and an eye in her heart that could see into a thirteen-year-old son's soul. They were tender eyes, plainly visible in those years as tender, though in many succeeding years they seemed changed; but now, with years passed and her again by my side here today, very much the same; and that heart again reading my innermost thoughts.

"You loved him a lot, didn't you, Dave?" Her hand squeezes mine.

"Yes, I did. He taught me the world."

And now he lies dead, in a grave with very few eyes shedding tears over his coffin.

After that fast June-the-second breakfast, I would be out the door and down the lane, faster and faster then, the new world would call to me. It was much different than the May-the-thirtieth world with its suspenders and books and paper-sack lunch, and even much different than the June-the-first world and her tie, white shirt and shined shoes; today was mine, all mine. Down the lane, past the big cotton-wood tree; it seemed not too far; across the south pasture and toward the river.

The trees and clumps of undergrowth, then jungle (now only a memory), that bordered the river were the mysterious forces that made every summer day an adventure and today's impelling drive would lead me down along the south fence to the deer jump, under the barbed-wire, across the drain ditch; steady practiced feet carried me safely on the not-too-firm plank that traversed the canal, and finally to the well-worn path that led to the old man's shack.

From the north, perhaps carried by the river's flow, came the sounds of the awakening town. I would pause then to count the eight peals from the

Church bell that meant I would be just in time to see his final preparations.

"Good morning, Ned!" I burst into the clearing where his shed sat, or rather squatted.

"Mornin', Davey," he replied as he stood up from bending over the pots and jars, his weeping willow back somehow reshaping itself into an oak, although not without effort, "Gonna be a nice day; a good day for ketchup and vinegar."

He would begin like that and I would settle down to listening and helping fill and load the bottles into his cart.

He was an old man, I could tell, his face and hair couldn't hide from even my young eyes the countless centuries of experience I knew he had felt. The long lines in his face and the dark grey streaks in his hair told of many travels and many hardships. Only his talk seemed real, alive.

It seems so clear now. The very conversation comes back. It would always be the same. Slowly, steadily, blue eyes ever roving, he would talk of the tomatoes, pink-white blossoms turned hard green now, and the good crop that the summer's sun would bring. He would describe yesterday's boilings and mixes (he never went to Church) and make them so real I could nearly see the giant bubbles bursting through the lava surfaces of today's cold preparation pots. Then, as I finished the loading, he would hitch up old Faithful, she too a bit stiff, and we would head toward town. As we went, the conversation changed, I would learn of the world. I was the student and he was the teacher.

I'm sure, as I think of it now, that we made a strange pair: the old mule hitched to the old cart, very out of place in that modern 1955 world, the old man and his worn-out look, but quick smile and flashing eyes glancing here and there from underneath a

Lincoln forehead, and the boy.

No longer a boy, at least not the same boy, I can paint the picture clearly. I understand why MacFadden would say: "Only to the MacFadden barn. Don't walk with him any farther than the barn."

So to the barn we would walk, and his words would match our pace.

"See yonder butterfly? That's a Swallow-tail, proud and arrogant, a lot like a woman."

I would laugh a little; I knew he expected me to, though I didn't understand why. "She's pretty."

"The butterfly is nature's gift to the world. She doesn't do much, but it's too important. The bee does all the work, and she lives but one summer then dies. Beautiful, but untrue to the task given her."

His face would cloud then, a painted picture of something deep inside him I couldn't understand. We would hurry on, resuming the lessons of summer, but I, ever wondering, would remember my mother's words. Once he was a smart man, she had said, something terrible had happened to him and he had gone crazy. You could tell now and then, like in the way he talked, but it didn't seem too important to me; he was the teacher and I was the student. And I loved him.

The Vinegar man. Each Monday and Wednesday and Saturday he would go into town and sell his wares up and down the streets of Farmington.

"Vinegar for salad, vinegar for burns! Ketchup, rich and red! Vinegar Ketchup! Cinnamon wood spice!" was nearly a song he sang. The townsfolk let him stay. The men avoided him, but the women would buy his wares; they were well-prepared and cheap. The Mayor received complaints, I suppose, but few bothered him and he bothered fewer. His face was Farmington's monument to the nineteenth century. The

boys of the town would laugh at him sometimes, and with their beanshooters would fight imaginary wars with the legs of old Faithful. She suffered their abuses, as she had for fifteen years, and treated them much like the nippings of summer horseflies. But sometimes he would anger and tell them to go away and yell at them. But still they would taunt him.

He would cry a little then and throw stones to scare them away. Tired of their game they would run down the street, laughing and pushing each other, yelling to him still, over their shoulders. Mom didn't like me to be in town with him.

Now he's dead. The same face, and the hands much the same. Seven years aged him, shrivelled him up some and even his vinegar blood couldn't water his life-roots and they dried and died.

He hadn't appeared in town for two weeks so they sent some people out to see. They found him dead among the pots and jars. A search of the place disclosed:

name—Ned Jay Withers

born—June 23, 1906

died—(approx.) September 3, 1962

Fifty-six years old! And forty-nine when he taught me my final summer lessons! That last summer was a golden one. In August Dad told me I'd be going to the city for high school. I would live with Grandpa and work the summers in his store. No need wasting my brains in a small hick town like Farmington, and it would cost too much to bring me back each summer. My work would help pay for the food I ate.

I saw the Vinegar man once more. Summer was fast being chased away by the geese that began their long flights from the north. September would bring an early Fall and that winter and spring would be the coldest in history. I didn't notice, though, as I walked to the river, a Friday. He'd

be working among the late cucumbers, I knew, and in my heart I was sad.

There he was, the big pickling pot steaming before him, bent over like a witch at her brew, and the sweat dripping off his brows and nose.

"Hi, Davey." One hand motioned me to sit down. I remained standing and he knew I was bothered.

"Going away, boy?" he questioned quietly.

"To Boise."

He gave no reply. His hands clenched a little. I thought for a minute he would act that funny way again. Then he stood and I followed him inside. He didn't take me in there often and the dirty once-wall-papered walls and the smell made me stay out, but this time I followed him in. His big trunk was opened, the first time I had seen it that way, and many things were scattered about. He ignored it and went into the bedroom, but I, a curious thirteen, peered into its midst. A red doily caught my eye and I reached in and pulled it out. Torn in the middle, it was a valentine, a red heart with frill that said, I LOVE YOU, a heart, aged and wrinkled by many years hidden in darkness. A broken heart.

"Who's Helen?" I called, seeing the neat signature and note.

The groan I heard in reply from the other room startled me and he rushed back into the room, eyes large and rolling, face red. With one rough hand he tore the valentine from mine and raised the other to strike me. His breath was coming fast, in gasps.

One tear crept out of the corner of my eye and frightedly made its way down my cheek. Maybe the tear reminded him and brought him back. He lowered his hand, closed the trunk lid, the valentine now again hidden in the dark, and sat heavily on the chest, his head resting in his hands. He rocked back and forth, sobbing.

"Golden hair, long to her shoulders. Golden hair, so beautiful, so beautiful . . ."

I left him there sobbing, tears running down my face as I wound my way home; tears trying to erase the memory of the tragic secret I wouldn't fully understand until later; running at first, then walking. That was the last time I saw him.

Today the sermon is gratefully short. Even in my twentieth year I remember those days so well. It was seven years ago I saw him last, and my mind today only slightly hears the minister's last words.

"He perhaps was the only Vinegar man in the whole world."

And today, seven years later, one or two salted raindrops again fall.

* * *

Those days were busy ones. Cathie and I were very caught-up in our preparations for December's wedding. I had met her at the University and she had won my heart, and I hers. My parents approved. She occupied herself with the house and arrangements while I finished my last quarter at Vet school.

The three months' separation was forgotten after December's reunion. Snow had already come and Farmington was a white dreamland and we were her dreamers. Exams and papers were soon forgotten. Forgetting became our sleigh and the future was two white horses that carried us through the warm cold, she by my side and a snowflake on her cheek, where I kissed her. A time of forgetting the world and her bothers.

The twenty-first we were wed.

Ice and snow, icicles hanging from the house roofs. How as a child joyful it was to run from house to house to find the longest, cleanest of all, and carefully break it off. Red hands, a bit frozen from the ice spear, nevertheless

very proud of their winter trophy; though its length was a very poor thirst quencher, it lasted but a short time and was soon but a broken memory two blocks back; I would be scurrying down the street in renewed search.

Today's walk, though different, satisfies much the same. Many things behind us, tomorrow is Christmas and this evening we enjoy the fleeing daylight together. Past the Church, down Main to the new Community park, snowfall leading our steps and hiding them behind us, failing sunlight and fast settling darkness our only gauge of time.

We walk slowly past the cemetery now a blanketed white, its occupants well secured, resting in their deep sleep.

I stop. Each is silent.

"Why stop here, David?" Cathie smiles up at me and squeezes my arm.

"I have a friend out there," and he gazes follows mine toward the grave of the old Vinegar man, Ned Jay Wither. We stand, unspeaking.

From among the grey oaks where their just-new white frosting comes, a black figure, unfamiliar with the map of trees and markers, the head turning here and there under its black covering to search out the names of each occupant. The figure stops now, cutting off our view of Ned's grave, and pauses. Silently it bends and we see the single long-stemmed rose placed by the tombstone. A slight breeze lifts the black scarf of the shrouded figure and onto its shoulder falls a long golden grey lock, a contrast of gold on black.

Cathie starts, "Why, it's a woman. Who would know the old man there?"

Perhaps the cold and maybe the wind brings water to my eyes as we turn and walk into the night, Cathie a bit puzzled and I thinking of an old chest and a torn valentine.

—Garland Dennett

UNTITLED

Alone I sit
watching her tears bathe my window's pane.
Flashes of anger light her thoughts
As in hurt fury she lashes out at all she meets
Only to weep herself into deeper Futility.
Her cloak of no comfort pulled closer
In hiding pain not of her own making
Weariness fades her sobs to calmer sighs and
cooler breezes
In resignation, smiling, she fastens her hood's
sparkling clasps
And quiets earth's trembling.
Often I've wondered, as I wandered her torment
and blacks,
Is it for earth or herself that she cries?

—*Sharon Everson*

6. A.M.

Sharp sound draws arm from between soothing sheets,
beckoning blind fingers find silence.
Half-open curtains admit streaks of
watercolor softness caressing sleep-strained flesh.
Beside him, warm white moves in gentle rhythm
of newlywed dreams. Rising, he moves from
her world to his, pausing a moment to kiss
closed eyes good morning.

—*Elizabeth Doss*

THE FLOOD

*it came,
tearing at the rock,
the concrete slab,
the leveed bag of dirt.*

*it went,
leaving shattered houses,
drifts of clay,
and broken lives.*

—Karol Bowman



—Chris Vuxton

"J.B."

What place, so cold and dark, is this?
Does all mankind come here?
It is the place where some men go,
Not out of love, but fear.

I cannot see the path I tread,
Take my hand and guide me.
If you but pause a little while,
Light will come and you will see.

It is so quiet, death-like here.
Are we the only ones?
Glance around my friend, and you will see,
Others, too, hide from the sun.

Who are these men? Why are they here?
What are they hiding from?
It is from knowledge that they hide,
You, too soon, may come.

Time passes quickly, and as it does,
Man too must pass alongside.
These men refuse to pass with life,
And so it passes by.

—*Sharron A. Hughes*

WET WORM

I watched a worm one rainy day
poke out head full wet (a sprout),
sniff and snake along. Thirty tiny
parts of worm weaved Navahoe
design through beetles, bugs, and
Rosewar ants. Puddles, splashing
flecks of dirt washed from greenblade
shade, spattered speckled worm parts
wading sluggishly through glades.

—*Candee Bechtel*



—Frank Marshman

THE DEAD AND THE DYING

How the story flooded
from their three lonely tongues—
Spurting, staggering,
Told and revised and retold—
And events made meaningless
gave echoing comfort
to the chilly parlor afternoon.

Premature twilight hung
like dust covers
on the dim corner pieces.
My sister, slim by the door,
and I, uneasy on embroidered sofa,
healthy in red toques and scarves and barnjackets,
were regaled by the old ones
with fuzzy adolescent cats
who would not play
and tales
of memorable lambings,
a letter lost on the way to lane's end,
the latest tractor trouble and neighbor's rescue
(we helped them with the details).

The near-blind sister Sarah was heard,
softly when the others subsided
to cleaning their chickens in the kitchen.
She sat by the taunting window—
Beyond her the sun struck ice
on the hillside—
The humorless, heavy table
and bracelet of high-backed chairs
between us;
I couldn't see her fluttering mouth
for one of them—
only her upturned forehead
and her eager, distorted vision
through tabletop-thick lenses.

Often this gentle flow of repetition
brought a rising chorus from the kitchen.
Eldest Naomi
rarely left her damp and lifeless carnage,
only disputing, joining for effect
with practiced orchestration.
But the in-law, Freda, frequently
loped to hold forth in the doorway,
Cacophonous accent and nasal tone
sweepingly ignoring the supporting voices,
even the interruptions
of her own protruding horsey face
and lightless sky blue eyes
and awkward arthritic body
(that unquestioning rural servitude
to heavy weights and early morning cold)
Their short white dog,
his tiny muzzle and glazed eyes
trapped in an orgy of obesity,
waited comatose and enduring in the corner
And I and my sister
read the floating feathers
and knew with patience the dead
and the dying.

—*Deborah Fairfield*

A LA CARTE

Arrayed in bloody armor,
the lame macruran stands,
Awaiting the rape of scissor knives
placed in hungry hands;

An international ambassador,
he's finally met his fate.
Instead of a divertisement,
he's landed on a plate.

—*Lorraine Lucey*

ON FINDING A CASTLE IN WEST VIRGINIA

Mountains are ancient beyond the
Age of castles, but are new born
In the chaotic state of the universe
Found of late. Scientific apostles
Scuttle from figure to number, nicking
The thistles through which they stumble.
They find castles are newer than mountains
And mountains are newer than worlds.
Worlds, in turn, are babes on a universal
Plane. The apostles serve each other
Their findings on a library table, and
After their feast of texts, cooked in wine,
They settle in their marble chairs to belch
Upon the world.

—A. Newton Likins

TEARS OF TEN YEARS

Antique lemon, bitter son,
Ancient grapefruit, father one:
Worship ye this man of plastic—
He who guards his codes elastic.

Pragmatic truth, the trusted creed—
Republican's lie, the Democrat's deed.
Spore of life, seed of damnation:
Sow thy salt in Chicago Nation.

Future Peace, the promised now:
Show us when, yet show them how.
Spore of life, seed of creation
Sow thy self in Woodstock Nation.

—Prophet Laureate

SWEET DREAMS

"That's you Marge J. Thompson! You're just like that stupid cucumber! You're nothing but a vegetable!"

Marge was talking to herself again. Probably a sign that she was losing her mind. Well, she was sure that if she did it wouldn't be her fault—she couldn't find any other use for it.

She put the cucumber back into the refrigerator and sat solemnly down at her half-cleared breakfast table. "I might as well live in that refrigerator for all the good I do! Look at me! Just look at me! Paradise. That's what Momma says. Everything I need in a neat split-level on a 90x70 lot. Well Momma, you can have it!"

Slowly, she stood up and began clearing the table.

Oh yes, I do have everything. Just like every other woman in this and every other stupid neighborhood. I don't want to be ordinary. I wasn't meant to be ordinary. All I need is a little shove to step away from the crowd and show them who Marge Jenkins Thompson really is!

Finishing up the kitchen and moving into the basement, Marge decided to work on a self-improvement plan.

No one would ever guess that this slightly overweight mother of three is going to do something with her life . . . is going to put herself on the map! I'll show Frank that I'm not as dependent on him as he thinks.

First, I'll have to meet people. If I could meet the right people I'd be half way there. For the past four and a half years the only person I've had to talk to is Trixie, and all I ever say in conversation is "Oh, really? My!" Besides, all Trix ever talks about is Herbie. He's a nice guy, but not too dynamic.

I guess the best way to meet people would be to join a garden club, or bridge club or something like that. I

can just see myself in a soft green dress with a flowered hat on, sitting at a card table or in my beautiful garden, telling all the gossip, the wittiest most charming person there. Right where I belong!

Bridge is an awfully complicated game though, and it takes forever to learn. Besides, I'm no good at cards. And flowers! How can I grow flowers around my kids. They take forever too. No, I want to get there faster than that.

Marge put the flowers in their place on the table in the living room. Then, she returned to the cucumber. She was trying a new recipe from a health food magazine.

Well, I guess if I can't talk to interesting people, I'll have to read about them. Boy, I wish I was a speed reader. There's so much to catch up on, I don't know where to start. Most books are so dull anyway. But, I'll force myself. Would I love to walk into one of Frank's office parties dropping names and philosophies that those people have never even heard of. Heaven!

She pulled a book off of one of the shelves in Frank's library. F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*. It sounded so romantic. She decided to read until the kids got home from school—after a valiant attempt and ten pages, Marge J. Thompson was fast asleep.

After dinner Marge and Frank sat in their carefully arranged living room.

"I'm sorry about dinner, Frank. I guess I wasn't paying attention to what I was doing. I've got a lot of things on my mind."

"You can't win 'em all. What's the matter?"

"Well, I've been doing a lot of thinking today. You know, about life and what it should be. And . . . now don't take this wrong, Frank. But, I

want to get out of this house and do something different for a change. Don't you think I should try and get some outside interests, Frank?"

Frank was reading, as usual.

"Huh?"

"I said, I want to get out of the house and be somebody, Frank. The trouble is, I can't think of anything to do."

"How about some sort of volunteer work?"

"Like what?"

"Oh, say, hospital work?"

"Hospital work?! Frank! I can just see myself in a cute white dress with little pink stripes, running around cleaning up after people. How glamorous. I'd just *love* that."

"Well, it was just a suggestion. How about . . ."

"Just picture it. There I go running around the white halls. Needed every second. Why in no time, I'm sure they will be wondering how they ever got along without me."

"Sometimes I do."

"Besides, what if one of the kids is sick. I wouldn't want to feel that I'm letting them down."

"Well it's not full time work!"

"But it is work. I don't want to work! I want to do something more exciting."

"That's quite all right with me."

"Oh, what a help *you* are. 'Paging Marge Thompson. Marge Thompson report to the second floor, the patient in 212 has been sick.' Really, Frank."

"Well, 'nothing ventured' . . . ?"

"Oh, I know, but what's so broadening about emptying bed pans? I don't want to be around sick people all the time . . ."

"All Right! It was just a suggestion. If you don't want my advice, don't ask for it. OK?"

"I never get any anyway! Hospital work—yuk! Who would ever see me there? You knew I wouldn't like it! You just want me to stay around here

and pick up after you. That's all I want to do. Wash, cook, clean. You just want to be a slave!"

"Oh brother."

"What?!"

"Oh brother."

"Here I am trying to be a better person. The person I *should* be . . . all you can do is sit and make fun of me behind that stupid newspaper!"

"What?"

"Oh, you *are* there! My, my, don't we look innocent. You think I can't tell when you are making fun of me. You're always putting me down in front of people. Even the kids! That looks that say 'isn't mommie cute?' (she's so dumb.) I see them, Frank."

"Marge."

"What?"

"Are you feeling all right?"

"Do I look like I'm feeling all right? No. Do I act like I'm feeling all right? No. I'm who's so stupid. Not everybody is going to college is smart you know."

"Yes, I know that—neither is everybody that doesn't."

Marge wished she had something to say. She never did. All she could do was walk out of the room. She tried to go very slowly. She was desperately searching for a remark he couldn't pounce on. She paused for a moment and found nothing. Then, giving Frank a look of utter contempt she slipped through the door. Frank hardly noticed. He knew she would be back. She would wait awhile for her final offensive.

"Frank?!"

"Yes, *dear*?"

"Just one more thing. If you think I'm going to forget about this, if you think I'm going to let it slide, you are mistaken. I'm not a cucumber you know. And you're not going to turn me into one!"

Frank had missed something.

"A what? Marge, what are you talking about?"

"A cucumber! A vegetable! I'm not

going to be a vegetable! I've got to get somewhere. I've got to do something—I've got to. Don't you understand? You're so smart!"

"That has nothing to do with your problem. Just what are you going to do?"

"Get a job."

"Work?! That's not glamorous! What about the sick kids? Who's going to see you? eh?"

"I am perfectly capable of being both housewife and worker. Even one-celled animals do many things at once!"

"Maybe that's what you need."

"What?!"

"I said maybe that's what you need, a cell!"

"Frank!"

"I'm sorry, hon, but it's always something. There's always something bugging you. I can't take you seriously all the time. I can't lose my sense of humor. Besides, it's been a long day."

"I didn't sleep all day!"

"Obviously, the flowers look nice."

"How kind of you to say so."

"Yes."

"I can't stand it! I just can't stand it anymore! What can I do? Where can I go? Will you look at me? Is it too much of me to ask you to talk to me once in awhile—civilly? Do you have to make fun of me all the time, Frank?! Won't you help me, just this once?! Please?!"

"I don't make fun of you Marge. I just have a weird sense of humor, I guess."

"Some people would say that calling your wife a maniac is a little weird, to say the least!"

"I didn't call you a maniac!"

"You said I needed a cell! Well, I've got news for you. I already have one, Frank!"

"Well you're free to go anytime, kiddo."

"Was that another one of your 'weird' jokes?"

"Of course."

"Don't be so smug. I am not dependent on you. Maybe someday I will leave."

"Let me know when the time comes. I'll want to find someone to replace you."

"In what capacity?"

"Any . . . and all."

"Ha, Ha, Ha!"

She was crying.

"This man is a million laughs. That's why I suffered with him for so long. Helped him get through school. Bore his children. He's a million laughs—a million. That's why I married him. Ha, Ha, Ha."

"Come on, Marge, settle down. We've both had a long day."

"You mean settle back, don't you?"

"You look tired hon. Why don't you go check on the kids and then turn in yourself. I'll be up when I finish the sports page . . . We can talk about things in the morning. O.K.? You know I love you, don't you, Marge?"

"Are you sure it's not another one of your weird jokes?"

"Yes. Come on, go to bed."

"All right."

Marge went to the door.

"Frank?"

"Yes, Marge."

"Maybe I could take some courses at the university . . . just a few at a time. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could get into some really good classes? Not ones that have a lot of reading and writing . . . interesting classes. I could make good grades if the teachers aren't too hard. And just think of all the stuff I'll learn . . . You don't think it would be too expensive do you, Frank?"

"Great idea, Marge! I'll look into it for you, O.K.?"

Pause.

"O.K., 'Nite, Frank."

"Sweet dreams."

—Sara Arason

REMBRANDT'S "PORTRAIT OF A PRUSSIAN NOBLEMAN"

He stands, all power in his face, preening bravely,
while a childhood, high and far away as a vaulted ceiling,
calls him back.

Did corridors then or stairs whisper "king," "Sovereign?"
Only dolls, small and wooden, carved for the young liege by
some pauper sweet with purpose, warned him.

Now, the kaliedescope, a toy fondled idly, turns its jewels.
They pause and seize, laying a pattern upon his eyes
that sends him falling backward through his grief.

A dream of sleep is his, waking;
and sleeping, a vision of morning.
Between, despair for the roses of children
cast at his unwilling feet.

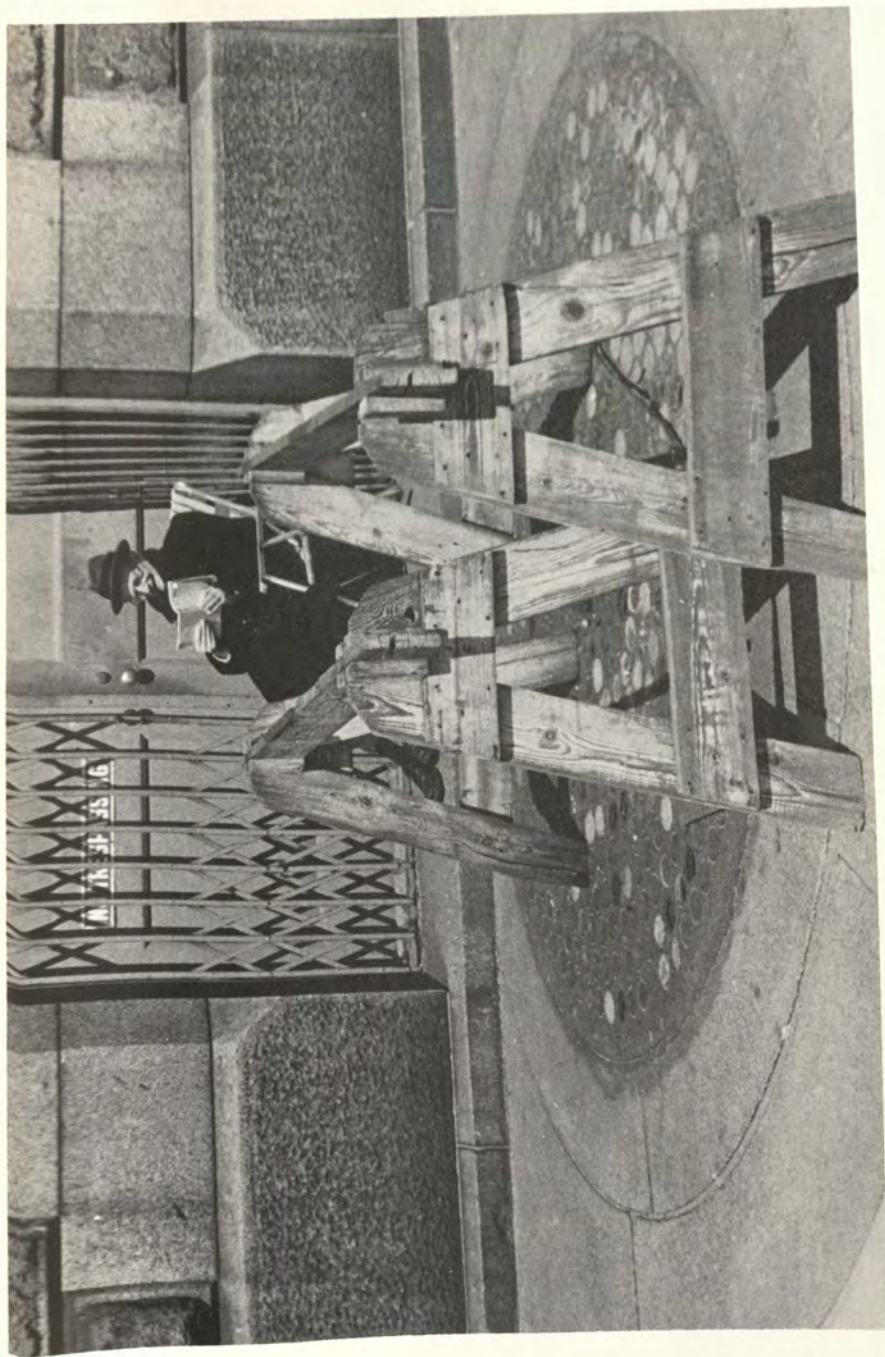
Old and suddenly forgetful, he stands before the loving throng
to feel his drooling lip betray his portrait's eye.

—*Diane Ivone*

WRITING OBITUARIES

My God! These people knew how to breed.
A grocery clerk with soiled apron
And ten children; A truck driver
With a bad wreck for his memoirs
And nine sons to manhandle his coffin;
A welder whose joints never cracked,
While his eleven children played games.
They lived one day over and
Over again and again. Dead people
Wear the same bland face on newsprint.

—*A. Newton Likins*



—Frank Marshman

SONNET OF SUSTENANCE

I want to be so close to you—
A noselength. To feel the flutter
Of your breath. A magnified view
Where my face-filled eyes could utter
The words that linger on your lips.
I'd like to kiss you, have you taste
Fermented thoughts, take thirsty sips
And spill your laughter in my face.
I want to write the poems which seek
A rhyme. I glimpse them in your eyes,
A blur of verse you cannot speak,
Caged as birds that long to fly.
To be that close! I'd laugh and taste
A lifetime, sustained by your face.

—Suzanne Underwood

CHOCOLATE, PEANUTBUTTER AND MUD

Beyond glossed whitewood frame,
contented, elf-like,
play young smeared faces
of chocolate, peanutbutter and mud.

Near twig-spanned highways—
watersogged airways glitter
plastic wing reflections, while
handpowered takeoffs rise low
above a sunbaked, freckled nose.

—Candee Bechtel

UNTITLED

Its hard to see the rain,
the drops melt into grayness
softening the scape behind . . .

I can see the clammy walls
the muted hues of solitary buildings
the walkways to darkness resigned . . .

I can feel the rankness and the wind,
the dim which enshrouds my fading hope,
the nearby brightness, from me confined . . .

Yet,
the trees touch (and sigh)
the rainbow etched against the sky!

When it rains, I lose my thoughts to the breeze.
My heart delights, I sink to my knees!

The rain reaches out to all that's alive.
Do I?

—Jan Barrett

MIRACLE

Peach-fuzz warmth lies cradled in pink,
as newborn human gropes for breath,
and doting onlookers marvel at perfection embodied.
Oblivious of attention but amazed by his being,
my child awakes. Eternal fear dispelled
with secure promise, nine-month dream
lies alive in parent-love, fulfilling awesome hope
of creation. As adult hands touch,
and man-child father smiles at five-year's bride,
infant stirs, and the world of two's and three's
becomes one.

—Elizabeth Doss

PALE DAYS

*During those pale days they would lie drowsing,
as the afternoon breeze,
clear as a profile, cool as the fragrance of a pillow,
parted the narrow curtains.*

*Who were they, there on the tangled bed,
where a shoulder marked the limits of the world,
plaiting kisses into chains of sleep?*

*Who were they, behind the swaying shade, forgotten and smiling,
impaled on the textures of the peaceful room
so beautifully without mirrors.*

—Diane Ivone



DIE GROSSELTERN

I gaze at gilt-frame portraits
resting akimbo upon age-thin
linen, yellowed with time.
I remember a soft wrinkled face
smiling down, haloed
by a warm yellow glow in
the sickroom. Eyes bright
but clouded with worry;
a comforting pat and cool
cloths administered
silently through fevered nights.

A creaking rocker still
sits beside the prodigy-scratched
tallboy, dusted, waiting
for continued evenings by
November fires with popcorn, chestnuts
and stories read
aloud (with rocking motion
back and forth
back and forth)
in strong sotto bass.

I still recall the last visit,
snow bogged, maple sweet;
her mince pies steaming
from earthen fires urging
cramps of hunger and
drooling mouths on
varnished table corners.

The gilt-frame portraits of the past
warm my hands as I place them face
down in an ancient chest
guarding tattered ribbons,
cards, and love.

—Candee Bechtel

VARIATIONS ON A RECURRING MOTIF

It is the fall-time of the year
which reeks of death.

With its myriad multicolored leaves
and its pale, anemic sun—tired and
burnt out—held over from its
summer engagement, it echoes of death.

In this time of mourning
I stand alone, laughing in my new birth . . .
Rejected for my still birth.

—*Bunni Garber*

RICE KRISPIES

Cold
last night.
Even trees were left stiff—
frozen for
a moon of such immense distance.
Everything caught
in the vasty silence.
snapshot

sun
cracks
down
(yawns first,
tossing beauty to beggarmen)
plays with the prisms
for a morning
and, relentless,
changes shadows back to green.

—*Deborah Fairfield*

JOHN THE BAPTIST

He wades slowly back to shore,
watching the gathering disperse through the last rays of the
setting sun.

Night, he thinks, and slips to his knees
to smooth a sleeping place in the cooling sand among the dogwood.

Blank and glassy, his eyes search the stars for psalms
while his brain spins slowly with other things:

a roe, seen in a dream, running to the rhythm of her own
leaping pulse;
his own glistening face at midday, mirrored in rippling
waves,
swollen with silent prayer.

Suddenly he is crying. Tears spring from his rolling eyes
and glaze the freezing plain before him.
Prayers rise from the rocky soil in blue vapors . . .

Kneeling, bending, lying, he sleeps, mouth open,
hands curled inward like the whitening bones of two small doves.

—Diane R. Ivone

SCAPEGOAT

"Hey, Greg! Is Bill ready to go?"

"Yeah, just about. He's up in his room."

Filled with youthful enthusiasm, Rick jogged up the dormitory steps. He had always objected to the war in Vietnam. Now he had a chance to do something about it. He was going to D.C. to stand up for what he believed in, to speak out, to get involved.

Bill, dressed in a wool hunting shirt and jeans, was standing in front of the mirror adjusting his campaign hat. One side of the brim was pinned against the crown with a "March on Washington" button. Rick couldn't help laughing. "You're kidding aren't you, Bill? It is Bill, isn't it? Where's your three-piece suit and wing-tips?"

Bill smiled, "Now I've heard everything! The Freak standing there in his faded work shirt and bells, telling me that I dress funny."

Rick was still smiling at the sight of his "collegiate" friend's Freak costume. "It can't happen here," he sang in a monotonic impression of the "Mothers of Invention." They both laughed.

Bill asked, "How much money are you taking, Rick?"

"Ten bucks. That's all I've got."

"I've got fifteen. Guess I'll take it all. Did you get a sleeping bag?"

"Yeah."

"Let's go!"

Greg was waiting in the front seat. Rick threw his sleeping bag in the trunk and piled into the back seat. Bill started the engine.

Greg spoke up, "I think I can fix us up with dates for Saturday night. I know three boards that share an apartment in Fairfax. They'd probably even put us up for the night."

"All right!" Bill chimed in.

"I don't think we're going to have much free time guys. MOBE has the

weekend packed pretty full."

"Rick's right," agreed Bill. "Besides, I don't want to have to worry about taking care of a girl when the trouble starts. That reminds me, we ought to stop by the shopping center and get some goggles."

"What the hell for?"

"Aw, come on, Greg!" Bill was amazed at his ignorance, "To protect us from the tear gas!"

Rick was surprised at his friend's attitude, "I don't think it's going to be like that. This is supposed to be peaceful."

"Maybe so," agreed Bill, "but I want to be ready if the 'Pigs' turn it into another Chicago."

"I didn't know Daley had been elected mayor of D. C.!" joked Rick.

"You can laugh if you want, but I agree with Bill. I want to be ready just in case."

Rick shook his head, "You guys do what you want. Damned if I'm going to spend half of my ten bucks on goggles."

Bill reconsidered, "Good point, Rick. If we get gassed, we can use our handkerchiefs."

Rick started to reassure Bill that there wouldn't be any trouble, but decided to remain silent, and the ride remained quiet and uneventful until Greg turned to Rick and said, "Don't you think it's about time?"

Rick had been thinking about how impressive the "March Against Death" had been on the news last night. He didn't understand Greg's question, but he decided to agree, "Yeah."

Greg dug into the pocket of his bench-warmer and produced a pipe. When he began filling it from a plastic bag, Rick realized what was happening. He had smoked with Greg before, but when he thought about "turning on" on a busy highway with Bill in the

car, he got a little paranoid. As Greg lit up, a distinctive odor filled the car. Rick automatically accepted the pipe and took a toke. He inhaled deeply and passed the pipe back to Greg.

"Hey, are you going to skip me?"

Greg handed Bill the pipe. He choked on the smoke. Greg wondered if this was Bill's first time.

"Hold it in your lungs longer, Bill," Greg said as he took the pipe.

The pipe had been filled three times. Greg laughed, "Oh, wow. I'm ripped!"

Bill was asking for more, "What's wrong with you guys? I don't feel a thing yet!"

"It's not like booze, Bill," Rick tried to explain. "The more you've smoked, the less it takes." His voice echoed inside his head.

By the time they drove by a freshly painted barn Greg was really getting into it, "Look at that! That's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life."

Bill was trying to be stoned. He laughed, "Hey guys, w-wow this is be-utiful!"

Rick felt sorry for him, "Must be his first time," he thought.

It started to snow. Rick forgot about Bill and watched as the snow began falling faster. *It seemed to be snowing from all sides.* Now he knew what people meant when they said that every flake had a different shape.

"Christ, I hope it's not snowing in D. C.!" exclaimed Bill.

Rick picked out individual flakes and followed their flights. They performed amazing aerial ballets. When one flake came to rest on the side of a tree, Rick's attention shifted back to the total scene. Everything was a vibrant white.

They ran out of the snow storm. Not a flake was falling. The ground was bare.

"No. Why?" Rick was confused.

"Nothing is real. Nothing is real," Greg murmured.

The sudden change in their environment brought them down. They passed the remainder of the trip telling each other what they had experienced. They felt closer together. Rick and Greg even listened patiently while Bill told them about the color he had seen in the snow.

* * *

When they got within a block of the church, they parked the car in "no parking zone" and agreed to split the ticket.

"Christ it's cold." Bill turned up his collar, "At least it's not snowing." Greg winked at Rick.

When they reached the church, it was overflowing with people.

Greg was amazed, "Wow! I've never seen so many Freaks in my life."

Bill agreed, "I feel bald as hell!"

"Just keep your hat on, Bill. You'll be all right," Rick laughed.

Bill smiled sheepishly and punched Rick on the arm.

The trio got in line to enter the church. They exchanged greetings with every pilgrim who was close enough. While they were waiting to enter, a girl came up to them and asked, "Are you guys hungry?"

"Starved," replied Greg as he surveyed the young blonde, beautiful in spite of her field jacket.

"Here," she handed each of them an apple and walked away.

"That's really beautiful." Rick polished his apple on his bells.

Greg agreed, "Ah yes! Hope I run into her again!"

"That's not what I—forget it."

As they entered the church the Marshals directed them into the basement. The sea of people engulfed them. They became separated as they wandered through the crowd looking at the bumper-stickers, posters, and

is reg buttons that were displayed on tables around the wall of the basement. By the time they found each other, they were being herded into the sanctuary to wait for the buses to Arlington.

They looked around, found seats, and read each other's buttons. Bill had purchased a small red button with "STRIKE!" on it in black letters.

"Where did you get that, Bill?"

"I bought it from a guy who was at the door when we came in."

"I didn't think it was a MOBE button," Rick stated.

"Let me see yours, Rick." Bill took a close look at Rick's button. A white dove and the white lettering, "Peace Now!" stood out on the blue background.

"How about you, Greg?"

"I just got the 'March On D. C.' button. You know, souvenir."

A hand rested on Bill's shoulder, "Hey man, there's a rally at Dupont."

"When?"

"Right now."

Rick spoke up, "How about the buses to Arlington?"

The stranger looked at Rick, "They won't be here for another two hours, Man. See you at the Circle." He turned and headed for the door.

Greg punched Bill, "Who was that guy?"

"I bought my button from him."

"Are we going?" Greg looked at Bill questioningly, then at Rick.

Bill spoke first, "Yeah, let's go see what's happening. I'm fed up with this waiting shit. How about you, Rick?"

"Yeah, I'm getting fed up, but I don't want to miss the bus."

Bill sounded enthused, "You heard the man, they won't be here for hours!"

Greg was ready, "O.K. let's bolt!"

Rick followed his two friends out of the church, "Do either of you guys know where the hell we're going?"

"Yeah. I've been to Dupont be-

fore," Greg replied. "Follow me."

When they were within a block of the Circle they could see that the park was packed with people. As they got closer the chant became audible, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh. N L F is gonna win!"

"I'm not digging this, guys." Rick was ready to head back to the church.

"Aw, come on Rick. Let's just see what's going on," Bill insisted and immediately headed for the park. Greg followed.

Rick caught up with them just as the first volley of tear gas canisters exploded.

The kids started to run from the waves of gas. A few of the "veterans" who were up front managed to keep them from trampling each other by shouting, "Walk! Walk!"

Bill took up the chant, "Walk! Walk!"

The wind was blowing the gas away from the crowd. They were safe by the time they were a block down the street.

Rick examined the crowd. Many of them had on helmets and gas masks. The knapsacks on their backs were probably filled with rocks and bottles. These kids were hard core radicals: Weathermen, Young Socialists, Mad Dogs, Crazies. Rick wondered, "What the hell am I doing here?"

"Wish I had those goggles!" Bill exclaimed as he wiped his eyes with his large red handkerchief.

"Hey man, don't rub your eyes!"

The voice came from behind a gas mask that was topped with a helmet decorated with day glow paint. "Here." The figure whipped out a Windex bottle filled with water and sprayed Bill in the face.

"Thanks," Bill replied squinting through the water and his own tears.

"The gas is turning! Back to the park! Power to the people!" The crowd turned back toward the park.

Bill and Greg joined in immediately.

"Hey, wait guys! What the hell are you doing?" Rick had had enough. This was the type of incident that would mar the peaceful demonstration, and he was a part of it. "Bill! Greg!" They were lost in the crowd.

He headed back alone. The buses for the cemetery were loading when he reached the church. Rick got in line to board the second of the three buses. He had a queasy feeling in the pit of his stomach. He was in the middle of all these people and yet he felt so alone. He walked to the back of the bus where a young couple invited him to join them, "Want a seat? I'm Don, this is Patty. We're from Jersey."

"Thanks. My name's Rick. Nice to meet you." They shook hands and Rick sat down.

"Were you at Dupont?" Patty asked.

"Yeah, until I found out what was happening. Then I 'got out of Dodge' real quick!"

Don seemed interested, "Was the gas that bad?"

"No, not really. I didn't stay long enough to find out." Rick noticed Patty's arm-band. She was a Marshal for MOBE. He asked, "How's the 'March Against Death' going?"

Her green eyes flashed with enthusiasm, "It's really been beautiful so far. Peaceful, no trouble. Don's already marched once."

"It's indescribable," Don volunteered. "You'll see."

The old excitement began to fill Rick's head. Yet he was more relaxed. He was among friends now.

Someone asked the bus driver why they were stopping.

"We have to get gas," he replied.

"We *already* got some gas," Rick joked out loud. Everyone laughed.

The bus finally arrived at Arlington around midnight. Rick said goodbye to Don and Patty. He had been a 'third

wheel' long enough. He followed the crowd into a tent. A Marshal began giving instructions, "You all know what we're here for. The 'March' has gone perfectly so far. We want to keep it that way. There will probably be some hecklers in the crowd. Just ignore them. Keep it quiet. Remember what that name that you'll hear around your neck stands for. It's cool out there, you're going to have to be together to make it. Be brothers. Help each other. Go single file into the next tent and pick up your placard and candle. If you want to represent someone special you can have a special card made. Thank you. Peace!"

The line to the next tent was moving slowly. Rick turned to see who was behind him. A couple in their late forties smiled at him. He was surprised to see them, but it made him feel warm inside. He decided to introduce himself, "Hi folks. I'm Rick Grayson from Virginia."

"My pleasure, Rick. This is my wife Betty and my name's Tom. We're from Maryland."

"It's really great of you folks to come out and participate like this." Rick felt like he was welcoming a visitor to church.

"We feel like our son would want us to be here," Tom spoke softly but firmly. He gripped Betty's shoulder. She continued to smile at Rick, but a single tear ran down her cheek.

Rick didn't know what to say. He tried to say, "I'm sorry," but the words stuck in his throat.

"We know, Rick. If you weren't sorry, you wouldn't be here," Betty smiled.

Tom and Betty had a special card made, bearing their son's name. Betty put it around her neck. Tom put on one of the placards that had already been made up. They entered the March line while Rick stopped to have a placard made. He looked at the girl

at the desk. Solemnly and efficiently she picked up another blank placard and looked at him for instructions. "James Frankel." As he said the name he could see his young friend's face, his smile, his clear blue eyes—

"Where was he from?" The apologetic voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Pardon?"

"What's his home state?"

"Virginia."

When she finished the placard and handed it to him, Rick murmured, "Thank you," and hung his friend's name around his neck.

"Here's your candle. Don't light it until you get to the other side of the bridge." Rick took the candle from the Marshal and got into the four mile line that had been moving continuously since Thursday morning. The cold cut through him when he moved out of the tent. He felt sorry for the three Marshals he passed on the bridge. He knew they were cold, having to stand in one place like that. The first wished him a good morning. The second shot him the "V." He approached the third Marshal who smiled at him and said, "Think warm thoughts, brother."

Rick forced a smile, but he didn't want to be warm. He marched on. He had to relight his candle several times. Other marchers were always willing to let him light from theirs. The boy in back of him touched his shoulder. There was no talking, only an exchange of smiles and the sharing of flame.

"God bless you, son." Rick turned his head. An elderly lady was smiling at him from the street corner. "God bless you," she repeated. He returned her smile, not feeling the cold anymore.

When they passed a government building, Rick noticed the troops watching from behind the glass doors. He instinctively flashed the Peace sign.

Several of them returned the gesture. One gave him the finger. He walked on.

He began to think of his friends and the gas, "I hope Greg and Bill are O.K."

"Fight you bastards, fight!" The shout came from a passing fifty-six Chevy.

"We love you!" a female voice in the line ahead of Rick replied sincerely.

Rick looked in its direction, "It's Betty's voice," Rick thought to himself. "I had almost forgotten about her and Tom. So lost in my own thoughts—" He looked at her with admiration and thought, "She's right. We do have to try and love them. They just don't understand." He watched the young couple as they approached the floodlit White House fence. He admired them so much for being there, not out of bitterness but out of love. They weren't seeking revenge, but only peace that would prevent future deaths.

"Thomas William Davis, Jr." Betty spoke the name distinctly, but Rick detected a slight quaver in her voice. Tom placed his hand on her shoulder. They marched on.

It was Rick's turn. "James Frankel, Virginia," he shouted into the floodlight. He thought, "The paper had said, 'Killed in action,' not much of an epitaph." He imagined how it had happened. "Jim takes the point just as he had told Rick he had done in his letters. A twig snaps. Jim turns. He feels the sharp pain of bullets, then nothing." A tear moistened Rick's cheek as he placed Jim's name in the coffin. "God bless you, Jim," he whispered. It was finished. Time had passed so quickly.

He made his way to the buses to find the one that was headed back to the church.

"Wait Rick! You can ride with us,"

Tom and Betty were motioning for him to join them.

He decided he would.

"You'll have to excuse the car," Betty apologized. "Tom wouldn't bring the good one."

"I hate to drive in Washington, especially with the Buick. People are always bumping into you at stop-lights."

Rick smiled. He wished Greg and Bill could meet his new friends.

"Say Rick, are you hungry?" Tom asked as he spotted a "McDonald's" ahead.

"Yes sir," Rick replied, "I could use a couple of burgers."

"Me too," Betty agreed.

"Well O. K.," Tom smiled, "I'll stop on one condition."

"What's that?" Betty asked.

"That Rick stops calling me *Sir!*"

They had a leisurely snack of hamburgers, french fries, and Cokes. Tom wouldn't let Rick pay for anything.

"I guess I should be getting back to the church," Rick thought out loud.

"Nonsense. We're not going to let you spend the night on some hard church pew. You're going home with us. We've rented an 'efficiency apartment' for the weekend."

"You can sleep on the couch in the living room. It won't be any trouble," Betty offered.

"No, really folks, I couldn't. Besides I have to get back to the church and try to find my friends."

"What if you can't find them? You'll have to go to the 'March on D.C.' by yourself. If you stay with us tonight, we can all get up early in the morning and go together," Tom was almost begging.

"Well, if you're sure it won't be too much trouble," He hoped Bill and Greg wouldn't worry.

"We're sure," Betty smiled and squeezed her husband's hand.

* * *

Since the majority of the demonstrators were at either Arlington or Dupont, the sanctuary was empty except for a small discussion group that sat on the front pew. Pete, the boy who had sold Bill his "STRIKE" button, and his lieutenants hadn't gone to Dupont Circle. They stayed behind to plan the strategy for the Justice Department demonstration. The crowd returning from Dupont interrupted the discussion.

Greg was one of the first to return. He searched the sanctuary until he spotted a familiar face on the first row. He rushed over and grabbed Pete's lapel, "He's dead! Oh God, Bill's dead!" He began sobbing, "No. Not Bill . . . dead?" Greg released his grip and sank to his knees.

Pete grabbed Greg's shoulders and shook him, "What are you talking about?"

Greg continued to sob, "Dead, dead, dead . . ."

The group leader turned to the crowd, "Somebody tell me what the hell is going on! What happened?"

"I saw it." The girl stepped forward as she spoke. She pointed to Greg, "He and his friend were at Dupont. The gas had driven us about four blocks from the park. The one with the hat was walking in the middle of the road, looking through the gas back toward the park. All of a sudden this car—"

"A fifty-six Chevy," volunteered one of the boys.

She continued, "Yeah, well this car came tearing down the middle of the street and—you know, hit and run."

The incident flashed through Greg's mind, "The gas, Bill in the middle of the street, the car's tires screaming from acceleration rather than breaking as it swerved to hit Bill head on, the impact, the blood. Those bastards! Why do they hate us so much? All they can do is hate!" He turned to the crowd, "Well, what are we going to do

about it? Huh? Are we just going to sit here?"

"We're not doing anything now, man," Pete's firm voice demanded everyone's attention. "First we have to organize." He turned to Greg, "Try and get some rest, man."

Greg propped himself up in a corner, "I'll get them Bill! I swear I'll get them!"

* * *

Greg had just dropped off into an uneasy sleep when he was awakened by the noise in the street. He went outside. The street was undulating with people, signs, and flags. Greg surveyed the crowd, "They're all here for Bill."

Pete stood helmeted at the head of the crowd. He asked for quiet and began, "You know why we're here. We're here for Bill Taylor! But we're not just here to mourn. We're here to make them pay for killing Bill!"

Greg led the cheer from the crowd. The speaker continued, "He died for what he believed in. He died because of what he believed in. He was their scapegoat, a symbol of our cause, of everything they hate and fear. That's why they killed him! They want to kill us all! If they want war, let's give it to them. Revolution! Revolution! Revolution!"

The crowd took up the chant, "Revolution! Revolution! Revolution!" They started off down the street.

The weathermen took advantage of the mood of the crowd. They began breaking car windows and tearing down street signs. Others in the crowd began picking up bottles and rocks.

"I'll get them Bill, I promise. I'll get them!" Greg bit his lip until it bled. "They'll pay! They'll pay!"

They reached Dupont. An empty

police car was quickly overturned. The crowd began chanting, "Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!—"

Pete looked at his watch. He had timed it just about right. The traffic going down to the Mall for the "March on Washington" should be coming down the street they had just blocked anytime now. That would surely bring the cops, and he was ready for them. He smiled as he heard the first car approaching.

Just then a girl screamed, "That's it! That's the car that killed Bill Taylor!" The crowd surrounded the fifty-six Chevy. The first brick crashed through the fogged side window on the right hand side and hit the passenger. A woman's scream was smothered by the shouts of the crowd and the scream of the police sirens.

Stone in hand Greg broke out of the crowd and charged the car, "You bastards! I'll kill you all, damn you! You'll pay!" He hurled the stone. It hit just below the broken window on the passenger's side.

Suddenly tear gas canisters were going off all around him. He could hear the cracking of small arms as the militants attacked the police. He rushed to the car, "I'll get them Bill, I promise." He jerked the door open.

Betty looked up at him terrified. She was cradling Rick's bleeding head. Tom tried to shield them both with his arms. Rick look up, "Greg?" Then he blacked out.

Greg stepped back, "No. Oh my God, please no! What have we done? Rick? Oh my God!" Greg felt a sharp pain in his right arm as a stray bullet struck. He sank to his knees beside the car.

The gas had scattered most of the mob. Those who had stayed to do battle lay bleeding in the street.

Two policemen reached the battered fifty-six Chevrolet. One lifted Greg to his feet. Since the boy was

wounded, he dispensed with the handcuffs, but maintained a firm grip on Greg's left arm. The second officer addressed Betty, "Are you folks all right?"

"The boy's hurt—his head. Please help him!"

The officer leaned over and examined Rick while Betty held the boy's bleeding head. The policeman looked at Betty and shook his head, "I'm sorry ma'm."

Greg looked at the officer in disbelief, "He's not dead. He spoke to me! He's *not* dead I tell you!!" He struggled to break the officer's hold so

he could help his friend, but he had lost too much blood. "Too weak," he mumbled. The second officer grabbed his wounded arm to help restrain him.

Tom stared at Greg, "Haven't you done enough already?"

As the officers began leading Greg away, two of the ambulance crew placed Rick's body on a stretcher. Greg looked back in time to see Tom comforting his wife as Rick was placed in the ambulance. He stared blankly at the officer who held his right arm and then at the ground. "I didn't know," he babbled, "I didn't know, Rick. I didn't know . . ."

—Dan Layman



ATLANTIC II

"Noisy, hot pizza night," you say
With backs to the town, hands link to play
Your skipping game. Mute blur of beach
Ahead. Now sudden fall of feet
On dead, thud-suffocating sand,
We pant our pace until the band
Mumbles, rumbles, thunders, roars
With clashing sea cymbals. Cold dance floor
Grows wet, and whirling, waltzing feet
Turn foamy, washed by waves. Hand heat
Draws mine; two half shells meet. Slow dance,
Salt smell of your face. One final glance
At the dark and ruffle-skirted sea,
Eyes close . . . we dance exclusively.

—Suzanne Underwood

dreaming

Eternal drumbeats mix with burning jasmine
and new-lit pipe, filling sofa'd room with dreams.
Alive with hazy high-hopes,
each member defines changing visions for nine.
Chosen leader fashions foil and paper,
igniting small space of holiday gold.
As embers die and music repeats,
ten minds touch, and become lovers.

—Elizabeth Doss

ATTENTION

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Page 1 of 1

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